

## The Critic

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### The Antiques of the Stage.

THEATRICAL critics are already uttering their parrot-cry. Why is the American drama so barren? Why has the opening season no promise of native work? There is a tendency to forget that, in art as in life, a period of fecund production is always succeeded by a period of lassitude. As Greek comedy exhausted itself in giving birth to Aristophanes, and Roman comedy in giving birth to Plautus and Terence, so American comedy has drained its vital forces in producing such masterworks as 'Adonis' and 'We, Us & Co.' It now stands in need of recuperation and repose.

Let criticism rather inquire why the foreign players who are swarming to America refuse to come until their reputation is clouded in their own land. Why should Salvini have retired to his Florentine villa before he thought of appearing on our stage? Why should Mme. Judic, and the Bancrofts, and M. Coquelin have suffered their popularity to wane at home before they listened to the blandishments of the American manager? The trip to America is now the natural close of a foreign actor's career. His vows of retirement are never accepted by the public unless he announces that he has determined to visit America. That announcement alone suffices to seclude him from his native stage. He passes henceforth into forgetfulness. Veterans discuss his merits and defects as old playgoers in England discuss Macready and old playgoers in France discuss Mélingue.

Anna Judic, for example, had her moment of glory. The war with Prussia was over; Parisians were recounting their heroism during the siege; M. Daudet was writing pretty little stories about Alsace and Lorraine. The air was full of military excitement, and composers of French operetta were regretting that the day of the 'Grande Duchesse' was past. Schneider had faded into the world of gallantry. Offenbach's magic harp had but few strings unbroken. Paris had almost forgotten its gaiety, when, out of the wilderness of the lower boulevards, out of the workmen's music-halls, out of an atmosphere reeking with foul tobacco and idiotic songs, came Anna Judic, queen of the minstrelsy of the street.

There were great deeps of demureness in her eyes. As the long lids drooped over those lustrous orbs, you would have vowed that she had mistaken the theatre for a nunnery. None of Schneider's rowdiness was here. No vulgarity of gesture was perceptible. Round the corners of the mouth flickered a shadow of a smile, which said to the audience: 'You may interpret my song as you please. My interpretation is innocent. Yours, I fear, is disposed to be wicked.' Down drooped the eye-lids: fainter grew the smile. The naughtiest words were naughty no longer. A veil of virginal candor fell over the grossest obscenities. 'She is immense,' said the students. 'She is divine,' said Paris.

Above this early reputation Mme. Judic never rose. Her range was limited. Her gift was a gift of expression. In giving a meaning to trifles, in underlining a song, in pointing a suggestive story, she has had no rival in our time.

Operetta was too coarse for her. Offenbach's Pegasus was too wild for her. When she appeared as Helen of Greece, people sighed for Schneider. Her fame, indeed, would have long since left her if M. Albert Millaud, who served his apprenticeship as a wit by reporting Parliamentary debates for *Figaro*, had not revived for her benefit, with peculiar modifications, the musical farces of the days of Scribe. With Judic's aid a style of entertainment was thus created which was as individual and as ephemeral as the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan. With its decline the enchantress's enchantment was gone. So she waved her wand, shook her wings, and is now flying over to our shores.

Consider, again, the Bancrofts. Their coming, though not assured, is shrewdly predicted. They are products of the most singular dramatic school that ever rose in England. It used to be called the teacup-and-saucer school. Its purpose, as expounded by its high-priest, the late Mr. Robertson, was to portray life as it is. Refusing to depict humanity in its more exalted moods, it set itself sternly to study the mess-room and the tea-table. Its male personages were not heroes; they were club-men and guardsmen, who drawled, wore eyeglasses, and flirted lazily but magnificently. Its female personages were not heroines; they were simple maidens, fresh from school, knowing nothing of the world, and asking curious questions about love and the distance of the moon from the earth. They were none of them truer to life than the wits and beauties of Congreve's plays, or the determined villains and persecuted angels of modern melodrama. But they were very much more fresh, and their success, at the time, was unbounded.

Mr. Bancroft's histrionic career was determined by his moustache and his eyeglass. His moustache predisposed him to the Robertsonian drama; his eyeglass planted him immovably therein. Nothing so Olympian as his presence had been seen out of the bow-window of the Guard's Club. His drawl was the very ecstasy of languor. Modish young Americans who had read in *Punch* how their London contemporaries said 'Yaas,' found an infinity of unsuspected sound and latent significance in the word as pronounced by Mr. Bancroft. In each of Robertson's plays appeared the dawdling 'Swell'; and while the 'swell' flourished Mr. Bancroft flourished, too. But he passed over to the Haymarket Theatre, and there tried to play rational parts in a rational style; and London decided that, in rational parts, his moustache and eyeglass were misplaced. So his popularity paled.

His wife danced into comedy from burlesque. Who, that knows his London, knew not Marie Wilton? Her legs were plump, her nose was snub. She generally played a page, or a prince, or some fascinating male creature; and for a wandering American it was as rare a sight as the town could show to watch the rapture of the pit, the delirium of the stalls, when Marie Wilton tripped down to the footlights of the Strand Theatre, with jaunty air, twirling a cane, and singing

Oh, I am a member of the Rollicking Rams;  
Yes, I am a member of the Rollicking Rams;  
I'm out all night  
Till broad day-light,  
And I won't go home till morning.

It was a sad day for the fashionable youth of London when Marie Wilton put off the tight silk trousers which so well became her, and took her place with her husband amid the crockery of 'Caste.' She was not wholly lost to art. The ingenuousness which had charmed in burlesque retained a certain relish in comedy. But in these later days the gloom of the Haymarket weighed her down. She stood on her dignity and thought lightly of the time when she pirouetted so gaily at the Strand. Ah, Marie, Marie! There is only one season of youth. Americans may be glad to see the fashionable Mrs. Bancroft. They would have given much more to see the sprightly, the sparkling, the saucy Marie Wilton.

PAUL M. POTTER.

## Reviews

## Professor Clifford's "Commonsense."\*

It was by request that Clifford undertook to write the present volume, to be called 'The First Principles of the Mathematical Sciences Explained to the Non-Mathematical.' According to his original plan the work was to contain six chapters, on Number, Space, Quantity, Position, Motion, and Mass, respectively; but owing to the sickness which resulted in his death at Madeira in 1879, this plan was never realized. The present volume, edited by K. P. (presumably Karl Pearson, of University College, London), contains five chapters, on Number, Space, Quantity, Position, and Motion. Of these, the chapters on Number and Space, the first part of the chapter on Quantity, and nearly all of that on Motion, were dictated by Clifford, though not revised. For the latter half of the chapter on Quantity, the whole of the chapter on Position, the completion of, and 'necessary changes' in, the chapter on Motion, as also for the revision of the entire work, the editor alone is responsible.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon Clifford's extraordinary powers of elucidation. Even when he is unable to state a principle more clearly than it has been stated by others, he rarely fails to throw new light upon it by the freshness and homeliness of his illustrations. But we may infer from the desire he expressed upon his death—*vis.*, that the proposed title should be changed to that which the volume now bears—that he himself recognized the futility of the attempt to explain even the first principles of mathematics to the non-mathematical. The power of the book really lies in the simple manner in which is shown the logical connection between the first principles of branches commonly regarded as widely separated, if not distinct, from each other. All the fundamental assumptions, quantities, and operations of the higher mathematics, including modern algebra, the calculus and quaternions, are derived from those of arithmetic and geometry by the extensions of meaning imposed by a natural law of development. This is nothing short of an outline philosophy of the whole subject, although a mathematician like Clifford may call it 'Common Sense'; and it remains a fact that, despite his resources and genius for exposition, no reader, though dealing with apparently elementary and really fundamental notions, can appreciate, or even understand, what he is reading, except as he has studied and worked in the great fields over which he is thus rapidly carried.

Recent writers have given prominence to the fact that the meanings first assigned to symbols of quantity and operation have been gradually extended, that these symbols contained more meaning than was first put into them, and that their combination under even the simple conventions of arithmetic gave rise to difficulties which led to their redefinition, and thus to more powerful methods of research. Now it is impossible to make this development clear without stating explicitly and in historical sequence the successive conventions which have regulated the use of mathematical symbols, without explaining in full the difficulties which grew out of the limitations imposed by these conventions, and without specifying exactly how these difficulties were overcome by a redefinition of the symbols and a corresponding modification of the laws of operation. The account given of this growth of the mathematical organ of expression is altogether too simple. That is, the non-mathematical reader, while fairly claiming to understand the chapters on Number and Position, will probably miss the reach of the argument altogether.

Broadly speaking, there are three subjects which trouble the non-mathematical, mathematically inclined—*vis.*, imaginaries,  $n$ -dimensional geometry, and non-Euclidean space. As to imaginaries, it is very easy to explain, first, how a

meaningless compound symbol may arise out of the combination of simple symbols having mutually consistent meanings when not in combination. The imaginary is thus shown to be a difficulty of our own creation. It is easy to explain, secondly, that by a modification of the meaning first assigned to our symbols of quantity and operation, the imaginary may acquire a real significance. This constitutes the so-called geometrical interpretation of the imaginary. Finally, it may be shown that, without assigning any meaning to the imaginary, it may still be used under certain conventions and lead to results of greater generality and importance. Nothing short of such an account of the imaginary, as it first appears in algebra through the limitations we ourselves have imposed, as it reappears (redefined) in the application of geometry to algebra, and as lastly used under the conventional rules and interpretations of the calculus of imaginaries (which is, conversely, an application of algebra to geometry), will clear up the difficulty of the imaginary to the non-mathematical—which, if non-mathematical means incapable of understanding formal logic, is of course impossible. Such an exposition is not attempted by Clifford, and for this reason we are confident that the reader, though understanding what he reads, would still be completely at sea when confronted by the imaginary as variously used in mathematical operations.

The same fault is found in the treatment of non-dimensional geometry. Ever since the geometric solutions of quadratic equations by Diophantus, a sort of fusion has been going on between algebra and geometry. Thus fusion grew out of what was at first an actual correspondence. To say that three planes, in general, intersect in a point, or that three equations of the first degree between three variables admit, in general, of one solution only, is to enunciate the same logical proposition in two different languages. The representation of three equations by three planes and the common values of their roots by the co-ordinates of the point of intersection of the planes, has a real advantage, because in this case a geometric reality corresponds to the algebraic theorem. But when we continue to state algebraic theorems including more than three variables in geometric language, and say, for example, that  $n$  co-ordinates define the position of a point in space of  $n$  dimensions, as three do in space of three, all correspondence ceases, and we are simply using a conventional language to secure unity and generality of expression. Now, while this conventional language has acquired a new interest owing to the rise of the non-Euclidean geometry, it has primarily nothing to do with it, and the editor's remarks on the latter at the close of the chapter on Position would not certainly help the non-mathematical reader looking for 'commonsense' in a statement about space of a fractional dimension. Nor will he fare much better with respect to non-Euclidean geometry. While such diversity of opinion prevails among mathematicians as is evidenced by the editor's footnote to Clifford's definition of a surface, it is even questionable whether the 'commonsense' of non-Euclidean geometry can be made plain to the uninitiated. And if it can, the attempted reduction of the first principles of geometry to what we can 'see and feel,' is not, we believe, the way to do it. There is in the objective world no right line, plane, etc.; there are even no unities there, such as we interchange, the one with the other, in the logical operations of arithmetic. All our concepts are a synthesis of object and subject, containing an element borrowed from the outer world without which all representation would be impossible, and another derived from the Ego. In geometry, as elsewhere, our concepts possess this double character. We may make them the starting-point of systems, logically connected, but unverifiable by experience. Subjectively, they may be absolutely true—relative to the object, they remain hypothetical. This, if we mistake not, is the position of the mathematician on the non-Euclidean geometry. He regards the idea of space as a complex form of certain concepts derived from experience, but which he

\* The Commonsense of the Exact Sciences. By the late William Kingdon Clifford. (The International Scientific Series. Vol. L.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.



claims the right to modify subjectively. Of all these complex forms thus modified one only is applicable to the object. But if we ask the mathematician which one it is, he will answer, there is no absolute criterion. For the moment we objectify there is but one criterion—experience,—and experience can never furnish certitude.

What Clifford might have said had he written the proposed chapter on Mass no one will ever know. The proposed reduction of dynamic to kinematic by the elimination of current ideas of matter and force must first be effected and accepted by the physicist before it can be other than a hint of the 'commonsense' of the future of the exact sciences.

#### "By-Ways and Bird Notes."\*

ONE of the most delightful aspects of modern literature is the growing contact with fields and flowers which it is cultivating—the intimacy with 'leaves of grass,' the friendship with running streams and animal life. As a thin but piercing undercurrent this new thing has penetrated through the dense thickets of modern thought and brought with it a whiff of freshness, a breath of fleeting and evaporating tenderness, snatched from the very heart of nature herself. Many people nowadays are touching Antæus-feet to mother Earth, and rising invigorated from the contact. The extensive literature of exploration and foreign travel has contributed to this new field of literary art; the new school of botanists is exquisitely literary. Haeckel, Grant Allen and others—naturalists, writers on geology, or even geometers—bring to their task an awakened and vivacious literary instinct born of wide vision into things natural, and the words in which they clothe their intellectual product breathe the sweetness and spontaneity, the simple eloquence and ardor, which things natural—contact with nature at first hand—alone can give.

One of the characteristic workers in this plot—it can scarcely be called a field yet, for it is scarcely bigger than the octagon of a crazy-quilt—is Mr. Maurice Thompson, known already in many different directions as poet, novelist, and naturalist. He has very distinctly what Heine calls the *silberblick*,—the power of sight and the sympathy to interpret what he sees in nature with natural felicity. Shall we say that he was born with a silver spoon in—his eye? At all events so it strikes one of his readers, who finds in his essays—especially in 'By-Ways and Bird Notes'—abounding impressions of hayfields and haw-thickets, hammocks and Georgian hills, bird-life and animal life, quaint, sweet, and far-reaching. This pleasant sheaf of essays has been tied together by the ribbon of that charming study which appeared originally in *The Atlantic*—'In the Haunts of the Mocking-Bird'—the initial, and the best, study of the volume. There is hardly a nook or cranny in the low Georgian cordilleras—the winding, reedy, weedy streams, the moss-hung Mississippi netherlands, the plains of Alabama, and the weird forests of Florida,—which Mr. Thompson has not explored and sung. He is essentially the poet of the South, and he knows the land as well as Uncle Remus knows the dialect. From 'A Red-headed Family,' of which *campephilus principalis* is easily king, he extracts pages of delectable meditation drawn directly from the immemorial woods and woodpeckers. 'The Threshold of the Gods' is a delicious piece of impressionism as full of changing lights and tints as a watered silk, of veritable *moiré antique* texture. The 'Birds of the Rock' is a piece of reconstructive palæontology in which ancient geologic life and conditions are happily revived and brought to life again instinct with poetry. All the thirteen essays indeed are instructive and full of the poetry of suggestion.

The book is the more enjoyable because it is not wholly without a human element. Mr. Thompson himself makes a good point in illustration of what we mean when he says

aptly that as too much knowledge of the brutal side of life makes a Zola or a Baudelaire, and too much knowledge of society a Henry James, so too much knowledge of nature makes a Thoreau. Mr. Thompson just falls pleasingly short of that 'too much knowledge of nature' which made Thoreau appear to care nothing for man. Aiming honestly at that just combination of humanity and nature which he describes in remarking what a wonderful novelist would be the result if Henry James and John Burroughs could be welded together, so that all life might be represented sympathetically, from the heart of an oak to the outermost garment of a dude, Mr. Thompson gives just the human flavor, even to these woodland essays without *dramatis personæ*, which adds zest to the fragrance. Thoreau took Homer into the woods with him, but Mr. Thompson brings Homer out of the woods with him; he has not only looked at things while he was in there, but he has had thoughts about things, and has remembered for whom this beautiful panorama has been spread. Thus a lovable tone runs through the little book which gives it a double pleasantness.

#### "As it was Written."\*

'AS IT WAS WRITTEN' is a most tempting little book, to begin with. Its cover fascinates in color and design; it is delightfully small; and one remembers Mr. Stedman's glowing criticism of the manuscript. The fascination lasts. The story opens as a musician's story and is full at first of the dreamy charm we are wont to associate with musical novels; but a peculiarity of the construction is that there is just enough of each element wrought into it to give zest and flavor—never for many pages at a time the same kind of originality, though the whole is wonderfully original. After, for instance, a few chapters to make it seem probable that the author had been brought up on the musical evenings at Papa Wieck's in Dresden, and perhaps taken Marie Wieck for his heroine, we find ourselves drifting towards a first-class murder and detective story, only to float out of that towards some very tremendous psychology. There is thus just enough of the dreamy music, just enough of the Jewish blood to give coloring to the improbable intensity, just enough of the sensational, and quite enough of the metaphysical, to make a very curious and interesting story. The hero might have stepped out of 'Charles Auchester'; but before we feel any of the cloying mawkishness which begins to satiate one after a good deal of 'Charles Auchester,' there comes in for relief a young man as 'realistic' as one of Mr. Howells's young men—a cheerful New Yorker of the type who bids you 'fire away' if you have anything to say. In short, the story is by no means one of those which Mr. Howells says have 'all been told.' This story had not been told, and it was worth telling. The climax is so improbable as to gain its only possibility from the Jewish temperament; but it is a Hawthornesque improbability, full of metaphysical suggestion. Certainly the book is a relief to the merely pleasant stories which are the rule just at present. It is vivid without floridness, dreamy without sentiment, exciting without being too sensational.

#### "Mrs. Keith's Crime."†

INTO the midst of the pleasant or amusing summer novels there has slipped unobtrusively a little classic, worthy of being bound in stronger covers and given a permanent place in one's library, and deserving of much more than casual mention. 'Mrs. Keith's Crime' is a tragedy; but it is a tragedy of sorrow rather than of guilt, and as one of sorrow it is not a book to cry over. Even those least addicted to tearful literature will find themselves deeply interested in this, for the fortitude which sustains the heroine sustains the reader. The effect of the story is entirely due to the

\*By-ways and Bird Notes. By Maurice Thompson. 75 cts. New York: John B. Alden.

\* As it was Written: A Jewish Musician's Story. By Sidney Luska. \$1. New York: Cassell & Co.  
† Mrs. Keith's Crime. Harper's Handy Series. 25 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

art with which it is told, though it transgresses one of the first canons of tragic art in leaving its agony utterly unrelieved by the faintest sign of humor, and indeed deals with an amount of agony that is utterly improbable, though it never occurs to the absorbed reader as unreasonable. Mrs. Keith is a young widow whose little son sickens and dies of scarlet fever just as she is preparing, with scarcely any money, to take to the South her little daughter who shows signs of consumption. In Spain the little girl continues to fail, and the mother finds that her own failing strength is caused by an incurable cancer. Without a friend who can come to her, she learns from the doctor the dreadful truth that her child must die, and the more dreadful truth that she must die *first*. The day comes when she is told that her child must be taken from her in the morning, if she is not to see her mother die. Assured that the little one cannot live many weeks, and must die surrounded only by strangers, the mother soothes the little girl to sleep with *chloroform*, and mother and child are found dead in the morning. It is the mother herself who tells the story, with a fidelity to nature that is the highest unconscious art; and the reader who thinks such a story must be unendurable, will lose what it is perhaps peculiar to call a great pleasure, but what is certainly an artistic delight as a transcript of sorrow in literature.

The moral problem is one of those always popular. Is it ever right to tell a lie? is it ever justifiable to commit suicide? and is it ever permissible to commit such a crime as Mrs. Keith's? These are questions always interesting. Mrs. Oliphant, in 'Carita,' dealt with the question of one with cancer taking poison, but Mrs. Keith's problem is a finer one. She would never have taken the poison herself, but should she let the little child, who must die, die a prolonged death of acute mental distress as well as physical suffering, or soothe her in her own arms to quiet sleep? Fortunately the precise situation of Mrs. Keith will probably never happen to anyone; but it opens a host of questions. The title of the story recalls one published here a year or two ago—'The Crime of Henry Vane.' Trying in vain to discover for ourselves the object of that story, we were told once that it was intended to justify suicide. If it had been perceptibly so, it would have had its reason for existing; but in reality Henry Vane's suicide either was unjustifiable or required no justification. If he killed himself because he could not marry the girl he wanted to, he was a mental and moral coward; if he killed himself because, with the seeds of inherited insanity, his trouble upset his mind, he died of disease just as truly as if he had sickened with typhoid fever, and his suicide required no apology. But the crime of Mrs. Keith touches a finer problem, and one that is worked out with an art as rare as it is fine, as delicate as it is strong.

#### Johnston's "History of the United States."

THE preface to Professor Johnston's 'History of the United States' is encouraging at the very start. The author, it is evident, has the right idea of history, as not a mere chronicle of events, but as a strangely interesting intellectual panorama, in which what actually occurs gains half its interest from logical sequence of cause and effect, and the tremendous lessons it is capable of giving in preparation for what is still to occur. He who knows what happened, or how it happened, has less than half the intellectual advantage of one who knows why it happened. The author states it as his belief, in which we heartily concur, that text-books on United States history are apt to deal altogether too much with the picturesque elements, of the Pocohontas and Putnam-and-the-wolf description. He would himself wish to show the growth of a great country, and the causes which led to its development or destruction, and this not merely for information as to the past, but for intelligent guidance

for the future to be given to the embryo citizen. Fully in sympathy with what the author thus aims to do, we follow his efforts with unusual interest and rejoice to find him accomplishing what he undertakes—*i. e.*, giving insight as well as sight, exhibiting not only a panorama but taking the student behind the scenes. We have known more than one historian to be satisfied, because he was talking to youthful minds, with stating the cause of the Civil War to have been the firing on Fort Sumter, or the implied information that the South was 'mad' because Lincoln was elected. In Professor Johnston's new method, it must be a very dull student who does not see the War coming for many years before Sumter was fired on. We cannot better give our impression of the whole book than by drawing attention to this single feature of it as an illustration of its whole excellent plan. Moreover, although the author has placed questions at the foot of the page, he wisely advocates their not being used. Another admirable point of the book is its nice distinctions; even such a brief explanation as that of the Thirteenth Amendment is made to cover a good deal more ground than is often thought necessary. One statement of Professor Johnston's, however, he would have done well to elaborate a little more—his assertion that 'the Abolitionists had long desired that the slave-holding States should secede and rid the country of the guilt of slavery.'

#### Recent Fiction

IT is a pleasure to find Edgar Fawcett's story of 'An Ambitious Woman' re-issued in the Riverside Paper Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), partly because it is an admirable novel, but chiefly because it recalls the days when Mr. Fawcett did write well and worthily. Other issues of the series are 'Hammersmith,' by Mark Sibley Severance (a tale of that Harvard College which Artemas Ward described as 'pleasantly located on the steps of the Parker House, in Boston'), and Mrs. Lincoln's pleasant little story of 'Marjorie's Quest.'—THE extreme unpleasantness of every page of 'A Prince of Darkness,' by F. Warden (Appleton), would prevent one from any very keen enjoyment of even the greatest ingenuity in dovetailing together murder and robbery, mystery and crime. But in point of fact there is no ingenuity in the story; the reader sees through the plot, hates every one of the characters, and altogether finds the tale much less entertaining than its slight but to some extent exciting predecessor, 'The House on the Marsh.'

'A COQUETTE'S CONQUEST,' by Basil, author of that charming story, 'The Wearing of the Green,' is the well-written and ingenious account of a young lady who married a hero so ideal that he might have stepped out of, instead of into, a novel, and who thus attained the social position of her day-dreams, only to find herself the most miserable woman in all England. Apart from this excellent moral, the detail of the story is entertaining. (Harper's Franklin Square Library.)—MR. BISHOP has done so much better work since the original publication of 'The House of a Merchant Prince,' that its re-issue in the Riverside Paper Series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) seems hardly called for. But it is at least a novel that can do no harm, if there are still people who can find it interesting.

'BETWIXT my Love and Me' (Franklin Square Library) is the story of a young lady and her guardian. It is perhaps needless to say that a great many obstacles are ingeniously placed by the author betwixt the lady and the guardian, and it is certainly needless to add that they eventually marry.—MR. FARJEON's latest story, 'Love's Harvest' (Franklin Square Library), exhibits the sympathy with the poor and suffering noticeable in all his work; but it must be confessed that as a story it is a little tedious.—'ENTHRALLED AND RELEASED,' from the German, by Dr. Raphael (Thos. R. Knox & Co.), is simply a poorer translation of a very

\* A History of the United States. By Alexander Johnston. With maps, plans and illustrations. \$1.40. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



good story translated by Mrs. Wister and published by the Lippincotts about a year ago under the title of 'Banned and Blessed.'

THE Appletons issue in paper covers 'The Maurice Mystery,' by J. Esten Cooke—a clever, entertaining, original murder story, with a genuine and admirable surprise for a climax.—'THE OLD FACTORY,' by William Westall (Cassell), is a story with so much that is unpleasant in it, and so little that is pleasant, that when a hero of so poor a fibre that it is impossible to feel any interest in him is allowed to influence the casting vote, the result is not in favor of the author.—'BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Lippincott), lasted for five hundred pages, and after all was only the familiar one of having to marry a wealthy man whom you don't love for the sake of your family, and having him graciously removed by an overruling Providence just before the ceremony, in time to marry the other man whom you do love.

'UNCLE JACK,' in Harper's Handy Series, is a collection of short stories such as we have learned to expect from Walter Besant. His are not great novels, but they are readable, amusing and ingenious, with genuine faith in human nature at the core of them, combined with clever insight into a good many of its tricks and its manners.—THERE is nothing but the story for which to read Miss Braddon's 'Cut by the County' (Harper's Handy Series), and the story, while quite as sensational as all others by Miss Braddon, is rather less entertaining and more hackneyed than usual. It is the customary tissue of horrors woven out of quite unnecessary secrets and stupid concealments.—WHILE more or less amusing and moral, 'Up-the-Ladder Club,' by Edward A. Rand (Phillips & Hunt), does not belong to the class of boys' literature which is as a whole most pleasing.

IN series of children's stories represented as told to a group of imaginary children by a grandfather or an aunt, it is not as a rule easy to find any excuse for the existence of the grandfather. In the case of 'Pine Cones,' by Willis Boyd Allen (Lothrop), the imaginary grandfather is an uncle; but the stories he tells are so far removed in subject from the jolly ones usually related to a vacation company, and are so entirely unlike an informally narrated story, that the uncle is more than usually objectionable from an artistic point of view, although the stories are well enough in themselves. Several points are considerably strained. If an uncle who had gone to a station many miles away to meet some little nephews and nieces did not return all night, owing to an unfortunate break-down, it is hardly probable that the aunt at home would have contented herself with 'worrying a good deal' and preparing flap-jacks for breakfast; and to commend a brave little girl in a party lost in the woods for setting fire to a tall birch-tree as a signal-torch to their friends, is to start a dangerous precedent for youthful readers. It may be objected that children do not need art, but art does them no harm, and they are quicker to note its absence than is generally supposed.

#### Minor Notices

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. FRY, Provost-Marshall General of the United States for New York during the Civil War, has written a small volume (Putnams) in regard to the conscriptions made in that State. It bears the title of New York and the Conscription of 1863. Its purpose is to prove that the statements made by the Hon. Horatio Seymour, to the effect that the conscription was unjustly made and used for political effect, is without historic foundation. He has made an interesting and a suggestive contribution to the history of one of the minor phases of the War, and one that is likely to be of service to the future historian. He gives in

an appendix full documentary evidence for his statements.—REV. A. S. BILLINGSLEY, late a Chaplain of the United States Army, has written a volume (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger) which is very fully described in the title, 'Christianity in the War: containing an account of the sufferings, conversions, prayers, dying requests, last words, and deaths of soldiers and officers in the hospital, camp, prison, and on the battle-field; also, an account of distinguished Christian men and their labors in the War.' It is largely compiled of anecdotes and incidents in the life of a chaplain; and its purpose is to illustrate the value of a Christian life in the camp and on the march. It adds one more helpful contribution toward understanding the spirit which animated the great struggle for liberty and the preservation of the Union.

'ALASKA,' by E. Ruhamah Scidmore, illustrated, (Lothrop) is a pleasant bit of descriptive work, eminently well fitted for the desirable object of sending tourists somewhere besides to Rome. It seems, from what we read, that Claude Melnotte made a great mistake in not locating his airy palace for Pauline in the vicinity of Sitka rather than on the Lake of Como. There are few readers who will not hear with surprise that the winters at Sitka are milder than at New York, and none, we believe, who will not feel a sudden longing to try the journey. If we should all go at once, there would be room for us; Alaska being nine times the size of all New England, twice as large as Texas, and three times as big as California. Its general charms have been thus summed up by an enthusiastic traveller: 'Take the best of the Hudson and the Rhine, of Lake George and Killarney, the Yosemite and all Switzerland, and you can have a faint idea of the glorious green archipelago and the Alaska coast.'

'ABBREVIATED LONGHAND,' by Wallace Ritchie, (Chicago: J. B. Huling) is a pamphlet explaining a new system which we should think might prove very useful. It is not claimed that it can vie in value with the more complicated shorthand for swiftness in application, and it is acknowledged that it is not brief enough for *verbatim* reporting; but its advantages lie in the extremely small amount of study and practice required for thorough mastery of it, and the fact that it could be successfully adopted in very many cases instead of the ordinary longhand, as any compositor, almost without study, could easily read the abbreviated writing. The general plan is to use, instead of the bewildering lines, curves and dots of shorthand, the ordinary manuscript letters of the alphabet, writing, however, only the letters which are prominently sounded. A single sentence will illustrate; instead of 'A fox, very hungry, chanced to come into a vineyard,' the new system would only require 'a fx, vri ungrî, chnsd t km nto a vnyrd.'

IN Part III. of his Autobiography ('Præterita') Prof. Ruskin continues the quaint records of his youth under the title, 'The Banks of Tay.' There is a good deal of repetition already visible in these garrulous but delightful reminiscences, but the style is always so new and unexpected, and so poetic, that the critical reader is shamed into silence. The man's absolute frankness and fearlessness leave nothing concealed that is proper to be known. He confesses that in these early years he had a weakness for Miss Edgeworth's Frank and Lucy, Dame Wiggins, nursery rhymes, and other recondite literary performances, and that he was not altogether brought up on Pope's Iliad and Walter Scott. By his seventh year he had produced a book of prose and poetry, written in imitation of book-print, in which 'punctuation had to be left to the reader's kind conjecture.' Mingled with these literary performances are recollections of his visits to that 'perfect and precious creature,' Aunt Jessie, on the banks of the Tay in Scotland, beautifully and tenderly told, with a glow of high-wrought

memory and singular expression. This tangle in a Persian carpet—these 'Præterita'—are evidently taking shape and working into a rare and harmonious design.

'WONDER STORIES OF SCIENCE,' illustrated (Lothrop), is an admirable compilation of articles by different authors which are equally interesting to old and young. They deal chiefly with applied science, and indeed with a good deal of practical art, giving, in a most entertaining way, particulars as to how gloves, umbrellas, fish-hooks, dishes, combs, fishing-rods, dolls' shoes, maple-sugar, lace, silk, etc., are made. An excellent paper is the one on newspapers, giving details as to the routine in the offices of the great dailies. One of the stories that boys will like best is that about 'Racing a Thunderstorm' in a balloon; but not one of the tales is dull.—If anybody wants to know more of the 'elective affinities' existing between 'Illiteracy and Mormonism,' he would do well to read Dr. H. R. Waite's pamphlet thus designated. (D. Lothrop & Co.) He will be convinced by the clear statements of a United States statistician.—WHOEVER wants to know just 'how Havana cigars are made' and sold will glean much entertaining news thereof from a translated pamphlet on the subject published by F. D. Canfield & Co., of Philadelphia.

ANNA LAURENS DAWES has done an excellent service for young people in her 'How We are Governed: An Explanation of the Constitution and Government of the United States.' (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) She has written for them a practical, sensible and concise, as well as a simple and most readable, account of the United States Government in all its branches. Her book is not a mere commentary on the Constitution, as so many text-books are, but a pleasant and easily understood description of the process of government itself. At the beginning of her book she prints the Constitution in full. In her introduction she comments on the Preamble, setting forth the nature and advantages of our Government. Then she again prints that part of the Constitution relating to Congress, which she comments on in chapters devoted to the manner of electing Congressmen, the powers of Congress, the methods and customs of the House of Representatives, and the methods and customs of the Senate. In the same manner she comments on the executive and judicial departments. Then she takes up the rights and duties of the citizen in two chapters, and two other chapters discuss the relations of the States to the general Government. A concluding chapter takes a general survey of the whole subject. The author makes it clear how the whole process of government is carried on in its actual workings. In the chapter on the duties of the citizen she describes the whole process of conducting an election, from the meeting of the primaries to the casting of the ballot and the declaring of the result. Her comments on the duty of voting, the evils of cheating, and the true use of caucuses are pertinent and just. The book has greatly pleased us, and is likely to be helpful to all who read it attentively.

### An Agnostic, not a Materialist.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN THE CRITIC of Sept. 12, under the caption of 'Two Defences of Materialism,' appears, in conjunction with a longer notice of Dr. Prince's recent book, a brief notice of my little pamphlet on 'The Philosophy of a Future State.' Of Dr. Prince's book I cannot speak, as I have not read it, but of the notice of my own brief essay, the kindest thing that can be said is that the writer has not read my pamphlet. I am perfectly aware that this is a serious charge to ask you to print; but the only other explanation that occurs to me—that of intentional misrepresentation—is obviously untenable. Having first accused Dr. Prince and myself of gross ignorance, and of being 'of small philosophical comprehension' (I am duly conscious of the impropriety of an

author's resenting such accusations of his critic, and I do not wish to be here understood as doing so), my critic deliberately proceeds to foist upon me, first, the attempt 'to prove that materialism is the outcome of scientific inquiry'—a position against which the entire first part of my pamphlet is directed; and secondly, 'that it' (scientific inquiry presumably) 'proves the soul not to be immortal'—a view that nothing in my pamphlet for an instant countenances. Again and again, in the course of my necessarily condensed argument, I opposed materialistic interpretations of mental phenomena, both *totidem verbis* and by implication (e.g., on p. 4). Finally, fearing that my argument might be misused by unbalanced free-thought, or that it might fall into the hands of those not versed in the reasonings of psychology, I stated (pp. 13, 14) that I was 'opposed to that school who would synonymise mind with matter,' and 'That this is not equivalent to denial of a future existence of some kind, hardly requires insistence.' In face of all this, my position is stated as the direct contrary.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. DAVIS ENGLISH.

[In justice to Mr. Davis, we ought to have called him an agnostic, and not a materialist. He takes such decided ground against every other than the agnostic view of the soul and its future existence, that we were led to an undue emphasis of that fact. His aim is to show that all theories about the future are equally untenable.]

### Wild Coreopsis.

A SEA of blossoms, golden as the glow  
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay,  
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day  
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro;  
Like incense, floating o'er the marsh below,  
Come fragrant odors of the late-mown hay;  
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,  
The tapering tamaracks tower in stately row.  
And wading through the shimmering waves with song  
Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,  
Who swings off the saffron blossom-bells:  
Back roll the years—a melancholy throng,—  
And I behold in sea-girt Sicily  
Theocritus amid the asphodels!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### A Hint to Subscribers

Please notice the date at the right of your name on the address-label on your wrapper. It indicates the period to which your subscription has been paid—a question which subscribers are constantly asking. You will also be doing us a favor, if you will send your remittance for renewal a week or two in advance of the date of expiration of your subscription.

THE CRITIC CO.

### The Lounger

AS every one seems to be reading 'As it was Written,' they will be interested to know how it was written. The story is as weird as one of Poe's or Hoffmann's tales; and no wonder, for it was written between the hours of two and six in the morning. I don't know whether Mr. Luska sat up and fed his imagination with uncanny thoughts until the clock struck two, and then seized his pen and wrote till six, and took his sleep afterwards, or whether he went to bed early in the evening and slept until two. I only know that it was between those ghostly hours that he wrote his story, and I think this explains much of its strangeness. Mr. Luska, by the way, is a young man of twenty-four summers, and had only written three or four short stories when he wrote this book. Of course it is known that he is writing over a *nom de plume*, but only half-a-dozen persons know what his real name is—and they are sworn to secrecy. The author of 'As it was Written' is much more anxious to preserve his incognito than is the author of 'The Bar Sinister.' The latter was published anonymously, but Mrs. Walworth has taken pains to let the public know that she is the author of it.



I HAVE found considerable amusement in examining a little school-book called 'American Popular Lessons.' It made its first appearance in 1820, but the copy before me is dated 1848, in which year it was copyrighted in the name of, Eliza Robbins, a prolific writer for the young. The lessons, we are told, are 'chiefly selected from the writings of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and other approved writers.' Their morality is of the conventional sort, and they are 'written down' to the intelligence of very young children. Here is an illustration of the style in which they are composed: 'The people of India, who once owned the places which the English have taken, would not allow the English to keep them, if they did not keep soldiers, who would shoot the Hindus, (that is the name of the people of Hindostan—the part of India to which the English go,) if they were not quiet.' This may be a brutal way of putting it, but it is certainly very frank.

EQUALLY frank, but considerably less brutal, is the paragraph on the English, from which I quote: 'The English people are very wise and very rich; they have a great many large ships. We speak the same language which the English do.' The Indians of North America differ from the English in one important respect: they do not speak English: 'they talk in the Indian language.' Strangely enough, there is another land in which English is not spoken, and that is Spain—the nearest country to France.' The logical sequence of the sentences in the passage on that picturesque land and its cloaked and veiled inhabitants must impress the mind of even the youngest reader. 'Oranges, lemons, and olives, grow in Spain. The Spaniards speak the Spanish language. Merino sheep come from Spain. The Spaniards are Roman Catholics. They have a king. *How they became rich and lazy is told in another place.*' In Siam, it seems, 'the people love elephants very much; they prefer the white elephant.' This shows discrimination—a quality in which the elephants themselves are not deficient; for we are informed that while they love spirits and all wines, they have a special fondness for a liquor 'somewhat like gin, called arrack.' A man once got killed for promising some arrack to an elephant, and then going back on his promise. There is a moral in this story which the boys of 1820 and 1848 were probably quick to profit by. The little book is a continual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns.

'A PROMINENT business man of San Francisco' has written a novel which his California publishers describe as 'a new departure in the field of romance.' The scene is laid in New England—a 'section' on whose decadence the publishers moralize somewhat mournfully:

The ignorance and bigotry of the people is scarcely overdrawn, and the gradual deterioration and decay cannot be doubted, as every census gives a less and less number of inhabitants to a great many New England towns. As the new blood drifts away to broader fields, that which remains becomes more stagnant, and seems to retrograde rather than advance, which may account for the bigotry and narrow-mindedness which seems to exist in many sections. The author appears to know whereof he writes. In his introduction he prophesies that the time approaches when new enterprise and new life will once more restore New England to her pristine glory.

The author of this 'new departure in the field of romance' would seem to be as broad-minded and liberal as the authors quoted in the little school-book of which I have spoken. He has, however, some hopes of the ultimate 'restoration' of New England—or his publishers have, which is the same thing; but the writers of the Lessons are evidently in despair over the rich and lazy Spanish-speaking Spaniards.

FOR sweet simplicity, one would have to search a long while before he found anything to compare with the bath-maker's circular from which I clip the following:—

We invite your attention to the well-known fact that throughout the length and breadth of our beloved country—especially in the rural districts and among laboring people—there is a general apathy on the subject of bathing. The great need of the times is not simply to tell people where they can purchase baths, but to enlighten them on the *benefits of bathing*. To show them why a clean surface and clean pores are conducive to health. Why sensible bathing promotes health and cures disease. In short, to convince them that a clean skin is conducive to a clean heart, 'that cleanliness is next to godliness,' and that a family bath is a family blessing; and the expense of that reformatory work should be borne, not by the advertiser, but by the publisher, who gets his pay from the inward consciousness of doing good, and from his subscribers.

This slur upon the laboring classes reminds one of the immemorial controversy between John Bull and Johnny Crapaud, on the relative cleanliness of the French and English—a controversy which has recently been revived in Canada, as a result of the bitter feeling excited by the half-breed insurrection and Riel's trial and sentence to death.

A LITERARY man, in a recent letter dated Fargo, Dakota, says: 'I have been writing persistently since I came West last November, and have plied the pen under all conditions and circumstances—sometimes in sitting-rooms, sometimes in hotel-offices, sometimes in lumber-yards. I have been reduced to using a sewing-machine as a desk; and at the present moment I am writing on a wash-stand!'

### Browning's "Another Way of Love."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WHEN Mr. Browning wrote 'One Way of Love' and 'Another Way of Love,' it is probable that he intended the two poems to form contrasting pictures. If, then, the meaning of the first be perfectly clear, it may throw some light upon the temper of the second. In 'One Way' we have the picture, hotly-drawn, of a youth who does and dares all for the chance of his lady's favor. 'Suppose they die'—these hopes which have been gathering into a fulness too great to be borne, so that he *must* strew them at her feet,—the chance was they might take her eye.

My whole life long I learned to love.  
This hour my utmost art I prove,  
And speak my passion. Heaven or hell?  
She will not give me Heaven? 'Tis well!  
Lose who may, I still can say,  
Those who win heaven, blest are they.

He loves, he loses, he forgives, surviving his lady's scorning, and still counting her favor as heaven to him who may win it. But his love is a blight, not an inspiration; so she scatters his hopes, she stills his song, and his 'utmost art' fails to win him his 'Heaven.' It is the blinding passion which youth sometimes fancies love to be. It does not enter into his being and nerve it to nobleness. It paralyzes and crushes, as true love for one worthy of it never can.

In 'Another Way of Love,' summer, the time of fulness and realization, has been ushered in by the month of June (for the full glory of the summer-tide was yet to be).

June was not over,  
Though past the full,  
And the best of her roses  
Had yet to blow,  
When a man I know

(some man grown cynical, perhaps, through an experience like that just narrated—the speaker in this poem, this man I know),

But shall not discover,  
Since ears are dull,  
And time discloses,

Turned him and said, with a man's true air,  
Half sighing a smile in a yawn, as 'twere,  
'If I tire of your June, will she greatly care?'

That is to say, If I tire of this perfection of womanhood, this blossom at its full, this 'June,' will she greatly care? He would persuade himself that she would not, that he may be conscience-free to turn back to the hinted beauties of spring, perchance, with their glory of future charms; or to give his fancy rein, that it may pursue the fascination of the moment, whatever it be. So, with what, if it be a 'man's true air' is certainly not a true man's air, this 'smile in a yawn,' the heartless hero of the poem here quotes for our benefit his own words, perhaps merely tossed over his shoulder at beautiful, womanly June (a queen in self-forgetfulness, a child in faith), who has yielded the fragrant love of her heart for his trifling summer devotion, and has wearied by her intensity and placidity, her 'redness and sweetness,' the pleasure-seeking man who leaves her with these words, and saunters home to his liberty and his self-justification.

To this we are presently treated with the *sang-froid* of one who perfectly understands the value of variety in making life worth the living, and who has well done his duty by her in questioning whether she will 'greatly care.' This, then, is his soliloquy: 'Well, dear, in-doors with you!' That is to say, let me reflect what life would be with you. It is 'true' that 'serene deadness tries a man's temper.' To a man of spirit like myself, it would be really intolerable; for

What's in the blossom  
June wears on her bosom?  
Can it clear scores with you?

What promise of force and variety is there to come with such a woman as this—sweet, and full, and perfect? If I be angry, if I chafe her, will she answer back? No,—

Sweetness and redness,  
*Eadem semper!*

No chance of any bit of human wrong-doing, no exhibition of temper to justify his more earthly bearing! This sameness is unbearable; one is quite excusable for wearying of it. 'Go—let me care for it greatly or slightly' (this sweetness and perfection), I will have nothing more to do with it!

If June mends her bowers now

(as she may, by pruning out the broken stems and bruised buds of her withered hopes),

[Which] your hand left unsightly  
By plucking their roses,  
My June will do rightly,

and I need no longer consider myself cruel, or disgraced by stealing such bloom. Her 'mending' would exonerate her quondam lover from all blame. His decision is promptly made. He has still enough faith in his old love to believe that she will do this 'right' which he has comfortably planned for himself!

Let us turn to her, who stood yearning down the rose-path back which he never came; yearning until she had accepted the humiliating truth.

And after, for pastime

'For pastime;' no longer for his sake; no longer from a woman's love of pleasing, but from a purely unconscious unfolding of her latent charms, with the mere passing of time, as it were—if her character deepens and beautifies, and 'the best of her roses' which were 'yet to blow,' bloom brilliantly—

If June be refulgent  
With flowers in completeness,  
All petals, no prickles,  
Delicious as trickles  
Of wine poured at mass-time;

if she increases in beauty, developing all her graces, without any thorns of character, into a sanctity which forbids all irreverent admiration, like the 'trickles of wine poured at mass-time,' precluding all earthly thoughts,

And choose One indulgent  
To redness and sweetness.

choosing for her portion Christ and the convent life, where alone such irritating perfection of spirituality and temper can be appreciated;

Or if, with experience of man and of spider,  
She use my June lightning, the strong insect-ridder,  
To stop the fresh spinning—why June will consider.

Will she shield herself from all danger within the convent walls, where the sweetness of her nature may bloom to its fuller day? Or, taught by the bitter experience of her lover's faithlessness (bitter, not so much in that she loses his loyalty, as that she learns to mistrust), and afraid of the toils that may be woven about her as she still moves in the world, will she cultivate the hidden force which lay beneath the softnesses and pliability of her early days, to cast away all proffered loves, growing stronger, more self-sufficient and less sweet, as the uncontrolled 'lightning' flashes and clears space for her personality? 'Why June will consider.' *We* are left in doubt. In either case, it is 'another way of love'—her personality triumphs over her trouble.

Yet neither of these two 'Ways' appears to me to be a love-poem of a very deep order. They both illustrate only the passion of a summer, not that of a life, and are rather pictures of the real—the commonplace—than suggestions of the ideal. But elsewhere, throughout his work, wherever the poet's own heart speaks of another, dearer heart of poetry, we glean exquisite, scattered glimpses of that perfect human love which is a mutual strength and elevation, outlasting death, and reaching up to the Divine. Here we learn love's mystery:

But the best is when I glide from out them,  
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
Come out on the other side, the novel  
Silent silver-lights and darks undreamed of,  
When I hush and bless myself with silence.

Here the poet teaches that the best of all that has been sung or pictured in the world of art and of ideal cannot excel love's beautiful reality:

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,  
Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,

Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,  
Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

And here is a glimpse of love's mission, nobly conceived:

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,  
Your heart anticipate my heart,  
You must be just before, in fine,  
See and make me see, for your part,  
New depths of the Divine!

And later, when she had gone 'before,' where she could 'see' and make him see, when yet the death-cloud could not separate their souls, we have this beautiful invocation:

O Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart.

This is the same voice; can thy soul know change?  
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help.  
Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—  
That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
What was, again may be: some interchange  
Of grace, some splendor, once thy very thought,  
Some benediction anciently thy smile.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FRANCESE L. TURNBULL.

### An English "Pirate."

[From *The New York Tribune*.]

GEN. LEWIS WALLACE, late minister to Turkey, and author of several popular novels, was telling me recently of some experiences in London which beautifully illustrate the relations of publishers and authors of this country and England. What he relates is a strong argument in favor of international copyright. 'I found on reaching London about ten months ago,' said General Wallace, 'that my novel of "Ben Hur" was advertised by Messrs. F. Warne & Co. as from their presses. They also advertise themselves as agents of The Century Company of this city, and I find by looking at the magazine that they are so recognized by the publishers here. Of course I knew I had no legal rights in England, but I was naturally curious to know something of the style in which the book was reproduced in England, the character of the house printing it, and something about the success which it had met with abroad. So I called at their place and asked a clerk if he had a novel called "Ben Hur." He handed me a copy, price two shillings, and I paid him for it. I asked several questions which led naturally to the inquiry as to what sale the English edition had met with. The clerk told me that they had sold 2000 copies in the past fortnight—a thousand a week. That was flattering, and I told him I was glad to hear it, as I was the author. "Indeed!" he exclaimed; and at the same moment he reached out and took back the volume he had sold me. He then asked me if I would not remain where I was for a moment. He disappeared, and returned in a moment without my book but with a request that I would see the principals of the house. I was very glad to do so, and going into the private office I met two gentlemen who were introduced to me as members of the firm. My bought copy of my stolen book lay on the table, and I took it up in the course of the conversation which followed and glanced at it occasionally as we talked. At first the conversation was pleasant enough, but glancing at the title-page I found that the sub-title had been changed from "A Tale of the Christ" to "The Days of Christ." That was annoying, and I asked who had authorized the change. The reply was that the publishers had done it to avoid hurting the sensibilities of religious readers in England. In other words, they had appropriated my property and had changed it to suit their own views of what its language and tone should be. "Have you made any other of these unauthorized changes?" I asked. "Well, we have omitted two of the tales told by one of the characters," answered the speaker of the firm. You can imagine I was getting warmed up by this time, and I spoke rather strongly. But the next discovery enraged me beyond measure. They had actually written up and inserted a preface to the novel. No, not a publisher's preface. It was without signature of any sort, and to the ordinary reader must have read as if by the author. I had written no preface whatever. I demanded to know of them what they proposed to do in the way of remunerating me for taking and for altering my book. They promised to give the matter due consideration. That was ten months ago, and I have never heard from them.'



## A Cure for the Sea-Serpent.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

THERE is a difference between a policeman and a sea-serpent. It is a familiar saying that you can never find a policeman when you want him. But whenever the sea-serpent is needed he comes up smiling, at the very moment when the editor, short of a topic, has sent his Sister Anne into the look-out to see if she can descry a 'sensation' in the distance. No stronger proof could be asked of the high intelligence and self-sacrificing good-nature of these aquatic ophidians than the precision with which they inform themselves as to the exact date when the Silly Season has set in. While Parliament is in Session is the close time for sea-serpents; and self-respect makes them hide their heads. But when Parliament has adjourned, then the sea-serpent bobs up serenely from below. The fact that he never makes a mistake as to the date when it is his duty to reappear before the human eye is evidence that he may have been able to tap one of the telegraph cables, which are his only rivals in length, and to decipher its simple code of signals. Otherwise, whence gets he the unerring acquaintance with current politics and the times and seasons of the editorial year? We commend this question to the earnest and thoughtful consideration of the Scientific Person. Mr. R. A. Proctor is a scientific person with views on all subjects which he is always ready to explain in detail. Not long ago he ventured to express heretical opinions about the great American game of Poker—opinions which at once filled the breast of every patriotic American with a burning desire to meet Mr. Proctor across the green cloth, and play the game with him until he had to 'chip up' his 'bottom dollar.' Of Mr. Proctor, as of another great man now departed, it may be said that 'omniscience is his foible.' Mr. Proctor once patronized the sea-serpent in one of his essays in popular science. Just what it was that Mr. Proctor thought about the sea-serpent we do not now recall; it is really impossible for us to remember Mr. Proctor's opinions on all the subjects he has touched and adorned. But, to the best of our belief and recollection, Mr. Proctor considered favorably the hypothesis of the sea-serpent's existence; and yet, after all, he thought it best to bring in a Scotch verdict of Not Proven. Modern scepticism, which is inclined to doubt almost everything except its own infallibility, is doubtful even about the sea-serpent. Now we respect honest doubt, as the Laureate bids us, but this is really monstrous. Here is a most obliging water-snake always ready to put himself on exhibition without charge, and there are scientific persons who hesitate to accept him. Why, only a few days ago—in fact, just after the Session closed—he showed himself to the crew of a Liverpool vessel. The Liverpoolian mariners are as honorable men as Brutus and Cassius, and they declare that they saw the sea-serpent with their own eyes, and that he 'appeared sixty feet in length, and the body, which was of a pink color, with stripes of a dark shade, was fully seven feet round.' They had 'a full view' of him, and they 'were unanimous in saying they never saw such a sea-serpent before.' This, it seems to us, is evidence which would convince even the hardened sceptics of the Society for Psychical Research. The scientific person who doubts after this must have sunk to the deplorable condition of the old farmer who rejected 'Gulliver's Travels' as 'a pack of lies.'

It is true that the description of the sea-serpent given by the sailors of Liverpool does not tally exactly with that given by other hardy mariners; and, indeed, it must be admitted that there is the very greatest discrepancy between the many descriptions of the water-worm. But this only goes to show the wonderful peculiarities of the sea-serpent and to prove that he is a marine Proteus in his power to change his form and an aquatic Chameleon in his ability to vary his color. He is like the serpent of Old Nile in that age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. We have chosen hitherto to dwell on the benevolent aspects of the sea-serpent, but it cannot be denied that in many of the voracious accounts of his appearances he showed himself as a fierce and pugnacious monster, ready for instant battle, more terrible than an army with banners, and more frightful than the giant cuttle-fish which figures in 'The Toilers of the Sea.' Victor Hugo's account of the Man-and-Squid fight is more powerful than anything we have ever read in the English which has the largest circulation in the world. But it would sorely task even a mightier master of words than Victor Hugo to set before us properly the awful possibilities of a fight between a few mere mortal men and the gigantic and eternal sea-serpent—if it should once go mad and 'run amuck' amid the small craft of the English Channel, for instance. It must be remembered that—so far, at least, as we may judge from the conflicting reports—the sea-serpent is not a rattlesnake, which,

like a good servant, always gives warning before it strikes. To give fair notice of its coming, the sea-serpent ought to have been provided by nature with a fog-horn in its head; then it would have been complete, for the mournful tooting of the fog-horn is the most lugubrious and enervating sound known to the human ear. But we must take the sea-serpent as we find him, or at least as the observant sailor finds him for us. When we consider the dire calamity which might ensue if the sea-serpent 'cut up rough,' it is our duty to be warned in time, to prepare for the worst, to discover some short and easy way of disposing of sea-serpents. Our own suggestion—we put it forward modestly for the consideration of the scientific person—is that strenuous efforts should be made at once to develop a marine mongoose. In India the mongoose is the great ally of the native in his constant strife with the snakes. Why should there not be brought forth a gigantic and aquatic mongoose, fit to join issue with the sea-serpent? Of the mongoose there is a tale, sufficiently familiar, no doubt, and yet apt in its application just here. In an American railway-carriage there once journeyed a quiet gentleman, having between his feet a basket of peculiar shape. An inquisitive stranger asked him what the basket might contain. 'It contains a mongoose,' was the answer. 'And what is a mongoose?' the stranger queried. 'A mongoose,' the gentleman replied politely, 'is an East Indian animal that kills snakes.' 'And what might you want a mongoose for now?' continued the inquisitive stranger. 'Well,' answered the gentleman, 'I have a brother-in-law who has been a little too fond of tanglefoot whiskey, and sometimes he sees snakes, and so I am taking this mongoose to him to kill the snakes.' The inquisitive stranger hesitated a moment, and then he said, 'But those are not *real* snakes your brother-in-law sees!' 'I know it,' returned the quiet gentleman, 'and this is not a real mongoose!'

## M. Renan on Himself.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THE interesting dissertation on himself, which M. Renan delivered last week in his speech to the Celtic Society at Quimper, in Lower Brittany, was in every respect characteristic. M. Renan resembles one of our own great men, Matthew Arnold, in a certain gift for talking well concerning himself. We used to hear of the tediousness of egotism. But the man who has a genius for egotism can never be tedious when he devotes himself to one of the chief subjects of his genius. Certainly M. Renan, like Mr. Arnold, has not yet exhausted the significance of the world within him. Even in the brilliant book which he wrote on his memories of his youth he hardly wrote better of himself than he spoke last week, for he delineated with greater power than ever that curious blending of a disbelief in truth and a distaste for error, a dislike of dogmatism and a repulsion for religious indifference, a joy in the delivery of moral shocks and sympathy for that moral and intellectual quiescence which is most susceptible to such shocks, by which his writings have been so conspicuously distinguished. And while manifesting all these qualities with the full freshness of earlier years, M. Renan throughout goes on caressing himself with the quaint tenderness of one who knows that no one else can caress him with half the insight with which he can caress himself. When he disclaims for the Bretons any touch of fanaticism, and claims for them in its place a superstition which imposes its caprices on no one, he is but uttering an apology for himself. When he inveighs against the harshness and rigor of judgment which appears to be turning the world into the semblance of a boxing-match, he inveighs against qualities which are the very opposite of his own. And yet, when he passes an animated panegyric on the qualities of a torpedo, and remarks with pleasure that one of the crew of a torpedo-boat which had recently passed down the Seine had borne the name of Renan, he admits that the incident had interested him chiefly because he also had been a torpedo man, and had administered a tolerably severe electric shock to a world which would much have preferred to go on slumbering. Probably, too, that was the one 'good deed' on the performance of which he felt that he might pride himself, and which gave him a right, as he said, to the habitual cheerfulness in which his life is wearing away. He was the outcome, he declared, of long generations of ignorance and unconsciousness, the heir of peasants and sailors who had passed their lives in that tranquil calm of which genius is the ultimate flower. He felt very grateful to those peasants and sailors who had hoarded for him the imaginative qualities for which at length he had found a voice,—a voice, apparently, if we may judge by the effect of what he taught upon his own mother, which was anything but the interpretation of the brooding ancestral reveries

out of which his own intellect grew. He claimed for the Bretons,—and again he meant himself,—an illimitable tolerance even for intolerance, so long as intolerance was confined to opinion, and did not pass from theory into action. The Bretons he accounted a very religious people, a people quite willing that everybody 'should compose for himself his romance of the infinite.' Evidently M. Renan has been engaged all his life in doing this for himself; yet he told his audience at Quimper that he sometimes caught himself furnishing his memory against the future life with thoughts that might occupy it 'throughout all eternity.' One of the best of these thoughts would be, he told them, the remembrance of that day's festival, and of the kind feelings which had been expressed toward him. We shall, we hope, hardly be thought guilty of that interference with other people's 'romance of the infinite' which M. Renan so much condemns, if we remark that for a thought on which he is to feed 'throughout all eternity,' this does seem to us a little poverty-stricken—wanting at once both in romance and in infinitude. Surely it did not take the brooding reveries of generations of sturdy peasants and sturdier sailors to bring to perfection an imagination which could feed 'throughout all eternity' on the kind flattery of a Celtic Society for a distinguished Oriental scholar and still more distinguished sentimental heresiarch! Would not a day's—or perhaps an hour's—meditation on the friendly compliments of such a Society pretty well exhaust their significance, and leave eternity free for meditations in a higher key?

We call attention to this genial anti-climax, not because we take it quite seriously, but precisely because we take it, as M. Renan means a great deal that he writes and says to be taken, not very seriously. How is it possible to take a man very seriously who puts forth pleas for religion in the shape of any 'romance of the infinite' which it pleases human caprice to construct, and at the same time takes nothing but delight in the delivery of any shock which will most completely shatter such 'romances of the infinite' as most of his own contemporaries and compatriots do actually construct? What M. Renan really pleads for is the exercise of the understanding and the imagination, whether in construction or in destruction, or in both ways. He professes almost ostentatiously in the same breath his disbelief in truth and his contempt for error. If he delights in genius and the romantic virtues, like instinctive courage and instinctive chivalry, which grow out of long ages of reverence, yet he takes care to insist that it is only because genius, courage and chivalry provide the world with keen emotions, vivid awakenings from sleep, vivid admirations, vivid passions, that he feels this delight. He does not attach to the 'dreams of the infinite' which even genius constructs, any solid worth as indicating the final goal of man. On the contrary, he finds the key to his own unabated cheerfulness in what he calls the 'freshness of his illusions,' and in the pride with which he recalls the shock he has given to those who really supposed that they had grasped eternal truth. When he realizes that he has run much the greater part of his own career and is near the end, and yet fortifies himself for eternity with the flimsy cordiality of after-dinner praises, he must mean to proclaim to all the world that his conception of eternity is so far from serious, that he loves to piece out his picture with a great deal of acknowledged tinsel. The illusions he has dispelled will furnish him with a great part of his theme for eternal meditation, for is it not those dispelled illusions which have brought him fame? The illusions he has cherished and refused to part with will furnish him with other portions of that theme, for are they not essential to his own 'romance of the infinite?' and if he had not a 'romance of the infinite' of his own, he would hardly have been the man to dispel the 'romance of the infinite' dear to most of his contemporaries. But, alike for the illusions he has dispelled and the illusions he has retained, he makes no claim beyond that which a child makes for the soap-bubbles which it sends up into the air to glitter for a moment and then burst forever—namely, that they are bright, and buoyant, and add a charm to the passing hour.

Nevertheless, M. Renan, though he encourages people to cherish illusions which they know to be illusions, is very eager to insist on a kind of learning which shall go hand-in-hand with imagination, and which shall undermine convictions which claim to be built on anything but the vagaries of romance. Exact knowledge, adequate for the purposes of scepticism, he rates almost as high as he does the mist of sentiment which is to succeed to the inheritance from which every genuine faith is to be ousted. The gift of learning is necessary in order that serious belief may be compelled to give place to conscious romance; but the gift of romance is necessary in order that learning may

not exhaust the air in which alone the mind and heart can live. Such appears to be M. Renan's thought, and he felicitates himself on having manifested the exact compound of learning with delight in illusion, which first undermines austere creeds, and then fosters mild superstitions in their place. A superstition that does not impose itself on others, but just amuses us with its glimmering of moral foreboding, is M. Renan's beau-ideal of religion. 'Sublimate your faith into legend, but saturate yourselves with the legend, even so far as to mould your action after your conviction is gone,'—that is the upshot of M. Renan's teaching; and he flatters himself, not without justice, that he has embodied that teaching in his life. We believe he has; that his honeyed words have not only robbed his readers of much truth, but soothed them into acquiescence in an airy and fanciful suspense not inconsistent with epicurean enjoyment. He could hardly have done more than he has done, first to undermine a true creed, and then to lull to sleep the wild cravings by which unbelief is sometimes brought back to faith.

### Current Criticism

GRANT'S BURIAL PLACE.—I am well aware that some of our comrades would have preferred Washington City as the burial place of our dead General, but let us examine the facts and precedents. President Washington is buried at Mount Vernon, Jefferson at Monticello, the Adamsses at Quincy, Jackson at the Hermitage, Harrison at North Bend, Polk at Nashville, Taylor at Louisville, Lincoln at Springfield, Garfield at Cleveland; and so, also, of the army—Scott is buried at West Point, Meade at Philadelphia, Thomas at Troy, McPherson at Clyde, while all these, or nearly all, have statues or busts in the national capital. So may it be with Grant. Each city, town, and even hamlet, may have whatever monument it is willing to erect, but it seems to me better that all should unite and build a strong, solid, simple monument, characteristic of the man, over his grave on the banks of the Hudson, and then, like Shakspeare, inscribe on it:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust inclosed here;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Grant needs no monument to perpetuate the memory of his virtues—his weaknesses lie buried with his bones—but if one or more monuments are to be erected to gratify the living, let them be like himself—strong, simple, durable, and in good taste. Better imitate his example, 'accept the situation,' and erect one good monument 'on the banks of the Hudson,' where he now lies buried in peace and at rest eternal.—*General Sherman, in a recent speech.*

MRS. MARK PATTISON.—I hear many people asking who the lady is whose engagement to Sir Charles Dilke has recently been announced. Some who only knew Mr. Mark Pattison by his literary and public labors were under the impression that he was a confirmed bachelor, and therefore had no widow to leave. But this is not the case, for as long ago as 1862 the well-known critic and annotator married Emilia Frances, daughter of the late Col. Strong, of the Madras Army. It is with members of her own family that Mrs. Mark Pattison is now residing in India, whence she telegraphed her wish as regards the public announcement of her engagement to the ex-President of the Local Government Board. Mrs. Pattison is well known, not only through her late husband's position, but through her own merits as artist and author; she was for some time the fine art critic of the *Academy*, and in 1879 published an important work in two volumes, illustrated by herself, entitled 'The Renaissance of Art in France.' A monograph in French on Claude was also contributed by her to the *Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art*, and a considerable number of articles for English journals and periodicals have also been written by her. Mrs. Pattison's name is further honorably associated with the establishment of Somerville Hall, Oxford, and with efforts to improve the position of women.—*The World, London.*

A FAMILY AFFAIR.—The freshest and most remarkable character in the book is certainly the brothers Talbert, who never appear, and indeed would have no point, apart from each other, and are in reality only one person. They are rich, tall, handsome, and devote the whole of their considerable intellectual abilities to the performance of those domestic duties which a generation ago were supposed to be the sphere outside which women, in an ordinary way, should not move. They polish their own wine-glasses, and have a personal acquaintance



with every pillow-case they possess. They are very well done, but it is impossible to avoid the conviction that they are taken from life, and, if that is so, the caricature is so malicious that we can only hope that Mr. Fergus had some justification for it. The Calvinist nurse, Mrs. Miller, is also powerfully described; but, unless we are mistaken, we have met her before in that novel of Mr. Wilkie Collins's which deals with Scotch marriages. There, too, it was her function to remove the villain at the critical moment, and she did it very much in the same fashion as Mrs. Miller. Maurice Hervey, the villain, is not a bad jail-bird; but Beatrice, the heroine, has no individuality, and is interesting only as the victim of circumstances. The hero is an Oxford coach and heaven-born newspaper-writer—a rather fashionable sort just now—and is lifelike without being particularly attractive.—*The Saturday Review*.

### Notes

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN, the novelist, has translated a selection of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's short stories from English into German, and published them in a volume in Engelhorn's Allgemeine Romanbibliothek, Stuttgart. Prof. Boyesen's novel, 'A Daughter of the Philistines,' translated by the daughter of the poet Freiligrath, is announced to appear in the same series.

—The November *Harper's* will have an article on the New York Stock Exchange in which the history of that important institution will be given together with portraits of W. H. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field and other famous members. The same number will contain a paper on the Defence of Our Seaports by H. P. Wells, in which the author shows our defenceless position and recommends the establishment in this country of a gun factory on the gigantic scale of that of Krupp in Germany, which by the way will be fully described in a future number of the magazine.

—Ex-President White, of Cornell, is having his portrait painted by President Huntington of the National Academy. Mr. Huntington's success in painting Mr. Sibley for the Board of Trustees of the College led to his selection for this task when it was decided to secure a companion portrait of Mr. White.

—Dr. Geo. W. Hosmer, who during the war was surgeon in the army, and who later has held an editorial position on the New York *Herald* for several years, has written a novel of army life, 'As We Went Marching On,' which Harper & Bros. will publish next month.

—*Wide Awake* announces six illustrated serials for the coming year: 'A Girl and a Jewel,' by Mrs. Spofford; a six-months' story, the name of which is not yet made known, by Charles Egbert Craddock; and two stories each by Margaret Sidney and the Rev. Charles R. Talbot. The publishers of the magazine promise (and their promise can be taken on trust) that *Wide Awake* for 1886 shall be 'full of new departures.'

—F. F. Brown, editor of *The Dial*, and author of one of the best of the few good poems occasioned by the death of Grant, is preparing for White, Stokes & Allen a collection of poems of the Civil War, to be called 'Bugle Echoes.'

—Mr. John Bigelow will contribute 'Some Recollections of Lord Houghton' to the November *Harper's*.

—Amongst the literary men and journalists who presented Walt Whitman with a horse and buggy last week were John G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes, George H. Boker, Charles D. Warner, Mark Twain, H. H. Furness, R. W. Gilder, Boyle O'Reilly, Alex. McClure, Wm. M. Singerley, Charles Emory Smith, Talcott Williams, Col. E. A. Buck, Wm. D. O'Connor, and Dr. R. M. Buck. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, W. J. Florence and Stephen B. Elkins also contributed. The horse is described as a sorrel Canadian roadster, docile enough for a child to drive.

—'Mustard Leaves, or a Glimpse of London Society,' by D. T. S., is one of the forthcoming publications of Dodd, Mead & Co.

—'Scepsis Scientifica; or, Confest Ignorance, the Way to Science; in an Essay of the Vanity of Dogmatizing, and Confident Opinion,' by Joseph Glanvill, M.A., edited, with Introductory Essay, by John Owen, is a little book, prettily printed on hand-made paper, which Messrs. Scribner & Welford will soon put upon the market. The same publishers will act as agents in America for the second edition of Andrew Tuer's monograph on Bartolozzi, which is a complete guide to the study of old-fashioned prints. The book is dedicated to the Queen, and each of the 500 signed and numbered copies will be bound in solid vellum, with broad gold-lettered silken bands passing over the face and back, and tying in front.

—Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Philadelphia, has now in press Vol. VI. of his Library of Aboriginal American Literature, being 'The Annals of the Cackchiquels,' written by a native about 1560, and hitherto unprinted.

—Gen. Horace Porter will contribute an anecdotal paper on 'Lincoln and Grant' to the October *Century*, describing the official relations of the two men, and their private intercourse, and relating many new stories. In the same number will be printed a paper by General Badeau, giving an authentic account of the last year of General Grant's life, including his literary work, etc. A number of portraits and illustrations will accompany it.

—Miss Martha Finley, whose series of Elsie Books has been augmented annually by a new volume, comes forward this year with still another, called 'The Two Elsie,' of which Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers.

—Henry Abbey has in press, to be issued in November, a new, complete edition of his poems, which will include some pieces not heretofore published. All of the poems have been subjected to more or less revision; but some of them have been emended extensively. The book is printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Mr. Abbey now acts as his own publisher.

—William Morris, the poet and maker of wall-papers, was arrested in London on Monday for crying shame on a police-justice who committed certain socialistic agitators for trial. After a brief examination he was released.

—The International Conference for the Protection of Literary Property opened at Berne on the 10th inst.

—Mr. George Barry, of Philadelphia, is preparing a handsome edition of Goethe's Works for publication by subscription only. Mr. N. Dole, who is translating one of the poet's hitherto un-Englished plays for this edition, has rendered 1170 lines of the German into English blank verse within six days—a quite astonishing *tour de force*.

—*Nature* is as attentive as ever to American topics. In its issue of August 20 there is a page and a half on 'A Model University' (Johns Hopkins); a page on 'The Harvard Photometry'; three pages, including illustrations, on 'Piercing the Isthmus of Panama'; two pages on 'North American Museums'; and notes on the American Association, the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, and the movements of Prof. Simon Newcomb in Europe.

—A popular edition of Mr. Rideing's recent novel, 'A Little Upstart,' will be placed on the market immediately by Cupples, Upham & Co.

—'John Bodewin's Testimony,' a novel of mining-life, by Mrs. Mary Hallock, author of 'The Led-Horse Claim,' will be a leading serial in next year's *Century*.

—Mr. Cable has written a novelette for *The Century*, the scene of which is laid among the Acadians of Louisiana. To the same magazine he will contribute a series of papers on Creole slave-songs and song-dances, including the songs of the Voodoo (dealing with the rites of negro serpent-worship), etc., which Mr. E. W. Kemble will illustrate.

—The new edition of Miss Edna Dean Proctor's poems will contain 'El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan' and other of her later writings.

—Hamo Thornycroft has been entrusted with the execution of the statue of the late General Gordon, which has been voted by Parliament. A Civil List pension of about \$500 a year has been granted to the four sisters of the late John Leech, the artist.

—*The Art Amateur* for October contains a good deal of information about the collections of the late Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, of this city, of whose pictures, valued at over a million dollars, an extended catalogue is given.

—*St. Nicholas* for 1886 will have quite as distinguished a list of contributors as heretofore. There will be some new 'Bits of Talk' by the late 'H. H.,' and stories, poems or special articles by Mrs. Burnett, W. D. Howells, Horace Scudder, Miss L. M. Alcott, Frank Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, James Otis, Miss Rose Kingsley, and John Preston True.

—In *The Evening Post* of last week appeared a double-leaded cablegram from London, announcing the publication of the first three volumes of Cassell's Fine-Art Library. Two of the three books referred to were reviewed in these columns five months ago. It is only just to the *Post's* efficient correspondent to say that his literary news is usually much fresher than this, while in the political field he distances his rivals of the morning press.

—The English edition of Austin Dobson's 'At the Sign of the Lyre' will differ almost as much from the American edition as did the American edition of 'Vignettes in Rhyme' from the English. The little group of memorial poems will be enlarged by the verses on Victor Hugo recently republished in these columns from *The Athenaeum*, and by the following lines on General Gordon originally contributed anonymously to *The Saturday Review* :—

'Rather be dead than praised,' he said,  
That hero, like a hero dead;  
In this slack-sinewed age endued  
With more than antique fortitude!

'Rather be dead than praised!' Shall we,  
Who loved thee, now that Death sets free  
Thine eager soul, with word and line  
Profane that empty house of thine?

Nay, let us hold, be mute. Our pain  
Will not be less that we refrain;  
And this our silence shall but be  
A larger monument to thee.

—The £600 required to complete the endowment of a cot to the joint memories of Mrs. Ewing and her mother, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, has been raised, and there is a surplus, which will be devoted as a special memorial of Mrs. Ewing to some charity for soldiers.

—Tennyson's new volume will contain several unpublished pieces, but none of considerable length.

—Daniel Pidgeon's 'Old World Questions and New World Answers,' which was published last winter by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., has now been added to Harper's Handy Series.

—To English-speaking readers, the most interesting article in *Le Livre* for July is a 'Voyage à Travers l'Œuvre de Dickens,' by Arsène Aruss. It is an entertaining sketch, fully illustrated with Vanderhoof's clever drawings of scenes from Dickens' books. From 'Pickwick' appears the White Horse Tavern at Ipswich, the novelist's description of which is quoted with this comment: 'It is forty-six years since these lines were written, and yet, thanks to the imperturbable stability of the English, there is no change in this old inn, over whose doorway still stands the odd-looking mount that bears so lively a resemblance to that of the horseman in the Apocalypse.' The other pictures show the tavern in 'Oliver Twist,' the Cooling graveyard, 'la maison de Pegotty,' 'le logis de Sarey Gamp,' 'l'enseigne du petit aspirant de marine,' and the Old Curiosity Shop.

—The following new books are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons for publication in the autumn:—A new edition of 'Rudder Grange,' by Frank R. Stockton, illustrated by A. B. Frost; 'Tiryns: a Prehistoric Palace of Kings of Argos, Disclosed by Excavations in 1884-85,' by Dr. Henry Schliemann; 'Bric-à-Brac Stories,' by Mrs. Burton Harrison, illustrated by Walter Crane; 'History of German Literature,' by Professor Wilhelm Scherer, of Berlin, translated under the supervision of Professor Max Müller, and to be issued simultaneously in England and America; 'The Last Meeting,' a novel, by Mr. Brander Matthews; 'Roses of Shadow,' a novel, by T. R. Sullivan; 'Color Studies,' by T. A. Janvier ('Ivory Black'); 'Illustrated Library of Wonders' (new volumes in the new and revised edition will be published in October, as follows: 'Mountain Adventures,' 'Wonders of the Heavens,' 'Wonders of Sculpture'; three volumes will be added to the series each month until the twenty-four volumes are published); a new edition of 'Turkistan,' by Eugene Schuyler; 'Colonial New York: Philip Schuyler and His Family,' by George W. Schuyler; 'Sermons on the Christian Life,' by John De Witt, D.D.; 'Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century (St. Giles' Lectures), by John Tulloch, D.D.; a new and cheaper edition of 'Corea, the Hermit Nation,' by William Eliot Griffis; 'Common Sense in the Nursery,' by Marion Harland; 'Four o'Clocks,' a new volume of poems by Julia C. R. Dorr; 'Marvels of Animal Life,' by C. F. Holder; 'Children's Stories in American History,' by Henrietta Christian Wright; 'A Layman's Study of the English Bible Considered in its Literary and Secular Aspects,' by Francis Bowen, LL.D.; 'The Pentateuch: Its Origin and Structure: an Examination of Recent Theories,' by Edwin C. Bissell, D.D.; 'The Blood Covenant: a Primitive Rite and its Bearings on Scripture,' by H. Clay Trumbull, D.D.; and a volume of poems, new and old, by Richard Watson Gilder, including his two earlier collections, 'The New Day' and 'The Poet and His Master.'

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

No. 1028.—Authors wanted for these quotations found in Emerson's works:

1. Brother, if Jove to thee a present make,  
Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take.
2. Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!
3. The realms of being to no other bow;  
Not only all are thine, but all are Thon.
4. Go boldly forth, and feast on being's banquet;  
Thou art the called,—the rest admitted with thee.
5. But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
Blushed in my face.
6. Enclosing in the garden square  
A dead and standing pool of air.
7. 'Tis still observed those men most vallant are,  
Who are most modest ere they came to war.
8. Forms that men spy  
With the half-shut eye  
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

J. H. W.

No. 1029.—Mr. Edmund C. Stedman in his 'Twilight of the Poets,' in *The Century* for September, mentions a drama by William Young, of Illinois, entitled 'Pendragon.' Can any one inform me where to get a copy?  
URICA, N. Y. W. A.

[The play was acted in New York, but has not been published.]

No. 1030.—Lord Houghton's poem, 'Pleasure and Pain,' reprinted in *THE CRITIC* of Sept. 5, has the same underlying thought as that of 'Wind and Sea,' by Bayard Taylor:

Welcome are both their voices,  
And I know not which is best,—  
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,  
Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.  
There's a pang in all rejoicing  
A joy in the heart of pain,  
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,  
Are singing the selfsame strain.

George Eliot has expressed the same thought in a conversation between Leo and Armgart, after Armgart's triumphant return from her first opera:

ARMGART.—I was a bride,  
As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO.—Ay, my lady,  
That moment will not come again; applause  
May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!  
Music hath sounds for it—I know no words.  
I felt it once myself when they performed  
My overture to Sintram. Well, 'tis strange,  
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMGART.—Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,  
And when full Being comes must call on pain  
To lend it liberal space.

And still the same experience finds expression in 'The Sphinx,' by Emerson:

Pride ruined the angels,  
Their shame them restores;  
Lurks the joy that is sweetest  
In stings of remorse.  
Have I a lover  
Who is noble and free?—  
I would he were nobler  
Than to love me.  
Eterne alternation  
Now follows, now flies;  
And under pain, pleasure,—  
Under pleasure, pain lies.  
Love works at the centre,  
Heart-heaving away;  
Forth speed the strong pulses  
To the borders of day.

These poems are all I recall at the moment, I should like to have some one supplement them with others.  
NORMAL PARK, COOK CO., ILL. F. S. P.

### ANSWERS.

No. 1023.—It is Ah Babs's song in 'The Forty Thieves.' The first two lines of the stanza should read

To a woodman's hut there came one day  
A musician and dancing-master.

ST. DENIS, MARYLAND.

H.

SOME OTHER MAN is always the one you think will get hurt by accident, and the "other man" thinks it will be you! If he is right, you will be sorry you didn't insure in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn.—or your family will.

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